

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

ous Perwig-pated fellow were a passion to totters, to verie rage, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it our

*Herods, Herod*, pray you auoid it.

*Play*. I warrant your honour.

*Ham*. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor, sure the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seen play, and heard others praisd, and that highly, not to speake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Christians*, nor the gate of *Christian*, *Pagan*, nor man, haue so stratted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iournymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

*Play*. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

*Ham*. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your Clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessarie question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the Foole that vles it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

*Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosenorans.*

*Pol*. And the Queene to, and that presenly,

*Ham*. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten

*Ros*. I my Lord.

*Exeunt those two.*

*(them.)*

*Ham*. What how, *Horatio*.

*Enter Horatio.*

*Hor*. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

*Ham*. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man As ere my conuersation eopt withall.

*Hor*.

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Hor*. O my deare Lord.

*Ham*. Nay, do not thinke I flatter.

For what aduancement may I hope from thee That no reueneue hast but thy good spirits To feed and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattered? No let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe, And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning, dost thou heare, Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choyce, And could of men distinguish her election Shalt seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast bin As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comeded, That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger To sound what stop she please: giue me that man That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart As I do thee. Something too much of this, There is a play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance Which I haue told thee of my fathers death, I prethee when thou seest that Act a foot, Euen with the very comment of thy soule Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guile Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech, It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene, And my imaginations are as soule As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note For I mine eies will riuert to his face, And after we will both our iudgements ioyne In censure of his seeming.

*Hor*. Well my Lord,

If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,*

*Polonius, Ophelia.*

*Ham*. They are comming to the Play. I must be idle,

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